



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Concert Choir



Evelyn Pfeifer, Conductor
Philip Chow, Assistant Conductor
Brady Sherard, Accompanist

Friday, November 30, 2007 at 8:00 pm



Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

grandmother moon (2006)

Eleanor Daley
(b. 1955)

Nocturnes (1946)

Flowering Almond Tree
Quiet Rain
Early Spring

Hildor Lundvik
(1885-1951)

Soloist

Elissa Dick, soprano

From *Six Chansons* (1939)

La Biche
Un Cygne
En Hiver

Paul Hindemith
(1895-1963)

text: Ranier Maria Rilke
(1875-1926)

Lovesight

Robert H Young
(b. 1923)

text: Dante Gabriel Rossetti
(1828-1882)

To Musique

David Dickau
(b. 1953)

text: Robert Herrick
(1591-1674)

Weltliche Gesänge, Opus 42 (1859-1860)

No. 1 Abendständchen
No. 2 Vineta

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Intermission

A Ceremony of Carols, Opus 28 (1942) (SATB, 1955) Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

1. Procession
2. Wolcum Yole!
3. There is no Rose
- 4a. That Yongē Child
- 4b. Balulalow
5. As Dew in Aprille
6. This Little Babe
7. Interlude
8. In Freezing Winter Night
9. Spring Carol
10. Deo Gracias
11. Recession

arr. for SATB by Julius Harrison
(1885-1963)

Soloists

**Laura Buckwold, Michelle Stannard,
and Jessica Wagner, soprano**

Small Group

**Bracken Burns, Nevada Collins-Lee, Sarah Howe,
and Yan Bonnema, mezzo-soprano**

Sherelle Carey, harp

Waye Not His Cribb (2001)

Mark G. Sirett
text: Robert Southwell
(1561-95)

Soloist

Tristan Cleveland-Thompson, tenor

Betelehemu (1994)

Nigerian Carol
Via Olatunji and Wendell Whalum
arr. Barrington Brooks

Texts and Translations

grandmother moon

Text by Mary Louise Martin

she looks into and beyond my soul
the lacy cedar boughs creating her shadows
cedar ones weave design of midnight canvas
she looks into and beyond my soul
she a powerful sacred hoop of full light
simplicity against the ebony blues and blacks
of night sky land and crystal star people
she looks into and beyond my soul
her round face of translucent beauty and light
quiet powers speak out in her name
we'lalin

we'lalin means welcome in Mi'Kmaq

Nocturnes

1. Flowering Almond Tree

Original text by P Lagerkvist

English text by Gunilla Marcus

Like a flowering almond, my love so fair
Sing, oh wind, sing softly for me.
Tell her how much I care.
Like a flowering almond, my love so fair
Only you, tend'rest of morning winds,
have our secret to bear,
'Neath the flowering almond tree;
Here I wait in the twilight
'neath the flow'ring almond tree.
Now that daylight has faded and gone,
now will she come to me?

2. Quiet Rain

Original text by Vilh, Ekelund

English text by Gunilla Marcus

A quiet rain is falling on silent city streets.
The skies are veiled and hazy
while through the twilight is pouring
a mild and muted light.
Oh, tender night, oh quiet melancholy of Spring.
The murmur'ring of the soft, slow rain;
So softly cries my heart.

3. Early Spring

Original text by Vilh, Ekelund

English text by Gunilla Marcus

Silhouettes of shining branches hang like glist'ning cobwebs.
Sounding in the silent valley there's a gentle murmur.
Clear as the gentle murmur of a frozen well in February
quiet as a well in winter.
Softly in the February twilight cry softly on the heavens.

*From Six Chansons on Original
French Poems by Rainer Maria
Rilke*

English translation by
Elaine de Sinçay

1. La Biche

O la biche; quel bel intérieur
d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux
abonde; combien de confiance ronde
mêlée à combien, combien de peur.
Tout cela, porté parla vive gracilité de
tes bonds,
Mais jamais rien n'arrive, rien n'arrive
à cette impossessive ignorance de ton
front.

2. Un Cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau entouré de
lui-même comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants un être que
l'on aime est tout unespace mouvant.
Il se rapproche doublé comme ce
cygne qui nage sur notre âme
troublée...
qui à cet être ajoute la tremblante
image de bonheur et de doute.

3. En Hiver

En hiver, la mort meurtrière entre
dans les maisons;
elle cherche la soeur, le père, et leur
joue du violon.
Mais quand la terre remue, sous la
bêche du printemps,
la mort court dans les rues et salue
les passants.

The Doe

O thou doe, what vistas of secular
forests appear in thine eyes reflected!
What confidence serene affected by
transient shades, by shades of fear.
And it all is borne on thy bounding
course, for so gracile art thou!
Nor comes aught to astound the
impassive profound unawareness of
thy brow.

A Swan

A swan is breasting the flow all in
himself enfolded like a slow-moving
tableau.
And so, at some time or place, a loved
one will be molded to seem like a
migrating space;
Will near us, floating redoubled as a
swan on the river upon our soul so
troubled. Which swells it by the
addition of a wraith aquiver with
delight and suspicion.

In Winter

With the winter, Death, grisly guest
Through the doorway steals in
Both the young and the old to quest,
And he plays them his violin.
But when the Spring's spades are
beating Frozen earth beneath blue
sky,
Then Death his way goes fleeting,
Lightly greeting passersby.

Lovesight

Text by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

When do I see thee most, beloved one?

When in the light the spirits of mine eyes before thy face,
their altar, solemnize the worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours we two alone
close kissed and eloquent of still replies,
thy twilight hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see thyself,
nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon life's darkening slope
the ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
the wind of Death's imperishable wing?

To Musique

Text by Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Charm me asleep, and melt me so

With thy Delicious Numbers;

That being ravisht, hence I goe

Away in easie slumbers.

Ease my sick head,

And make my bed,

Thou Power that canst sever

From me this ill:

And quickly still:

Though thou not kill

My Fever.

Though sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My paines asleep;
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die 'Mongst Roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those Maiden show'rs,
Which, by the peep of day, doe strew
A Baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my paines,
With thy soft straines;
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light;
And take my flight
For Heaven.

Weltliche Ges ge, Opus 42

Abendst dchen

Text: Franz C. H. H. Brentano
(1838-1917)

Hör, es klagt die Flöte wieder,
und die kühlen Brunnen rauschen,
golden wehn die Töne nieder,
stille, stille, laß uns lauschen!

Holdes Bitten, mild Verlangen,
wie es süß zum Herzen spricht!
durch die Nacht, die mich umfangen,
blickt zu mir der Töne Licht.

Vineta

Text: Wilhelm Miller (1794-1827)

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem
Grunde klingen Abendglocken dumpf
und matt, uns zu geben wunderbare
Kunde von der schönen, alten
Wunderstadt.

In der Fluten Schoß hinabgesunken,
blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn.
ihre Zinnen lassen golden Funken
widerscheinend auf dem Spiegel
sehn.

Und der Schiffer, der den
Zauberschimmer
einmal sah im hellen Abendrot,
nach der selben Stelle schifft er
immer, ob auch rings umher die Klippe
droht.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem
Grunde
klingt es mir wie Glocken, dumpf und
matt. Ach, sie geben wunderbare
Kunde von der Liebe, die geliebt es
hat.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,
ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn;
lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken
oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

Und dann möcht ich tauchen in die
Tiefen, mich versenken in den
Wunderschein, und mir ist, als ob
mich Engel riefen
in die alte Wunderstadt herein.

Evening Song

Listen! The flute laments again,
and the cool springs murmur.
The golden tones waft down;
Be still, hush, let us listen!

Gracious imploring, gentle longing,
how sweetly they speak to the heart!
Through the night, which has mbraced
me, the light of the music shines.

Vineta

From the ocean's deepest depths,
evening bells ring, muffled and faint.
They bring us wondrous tidings
of the beautiful, old, miraculous city.

Sunken into the flood womb,
its ruins remained standing below.
Its battlements cause golden sparks
to be seen reflecting on the surface.

And the boatman, who the magical
shimmer
once saw in the bright sunset,
always sails back to the same place,
even though the cliffs threaten all
around.

From the heart's deepest depths
it sounds to me like bells, muffled and
faint.
Ah, they bring wondrous tidings
of the love that it has felt.

A beautiful world has sunk there;
its ruins remained standing below,
often causing golden, heavenly sparks
to be seen in the mirror of my dreams.

And then I would like to dive into the
depths, to immerse myself in the
wonderful shimmer;
and it feels to me as if angels called
me into the old, miraculous city.

A Ceremony of Carols

1. Procession

Hodie Christus natus est;
hodie Salvator apparuit;
hodie in terra canunt angeli;
lætantur archangeli,
hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!

Today Christ is born;
today the Saviour has appeared;
today the Angels sing,
the Archangels rejoice;
today the righteous rejoice, saying:
Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia!

2. Wolcum yole!

Text: Anonymous

Wolcum be thou hevené king,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sall* sing!

*heavenly

Wolcum be ye, Steven and Jon,
Wolcum, innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,

*shall

Wolcum be ye good Newe Yere,
Wolcum, Twelfthe Day both in fere,*
Wolcum, seintes* lefe and dere,
Wolcum Yole. Wolcum!

*fear
*saints left and dear

Candelmesse,* Quene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum Yole,
Wolcum, make good cheer,
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum!

*Candle Mass

3. There is no Rose

Text: Anonymous

There is no rose of such vertu*
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, alleluia.

*virtue

For in this rose conteinèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda, res miranda.*

*marvelous thing

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma, pares forma.*

*equal in nature

The angels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis,*
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.

*Glory in the highest!
Glory to God in the highest.
Let us rejoice.

3. There is no Rose (cont'd)

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.*

*Let us pass over.

Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma,
gaudeamus, transeamus.

4a. That Yong Child

Text: Anonymous

That yongë child when it gan* weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.*

*young

*began

*making music

The nightingalë sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

4b. Balulalow

Text: James, John and Robert Wedderburn

O my deare hert,* young Jesu sweit,*
Prepare thy creddil* in my spreit,*
And I sall* rock thee to my hert,
And never mair* from thee depart.

*heart, sweet

*cradle, spirit

*shall

*more

But I sall praise thee evermoir*
With sanges sweit* unto thy gloir;*
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt* Balulalow.

*ever-more

*sweet songs, glory

*right

5. As dew in Aprille

Text: Anonymous

I sing of a maiden That is makèles :*
King of all kings To her son she ches.*

*matchless

*chose

He came also stille* There his moder* was,
As dew in Aprille That falleth on the grass.

*still, mother

He came also stille To his moder's bower,*
As dew in Aprille That falleth on the flour.*

*bower

*flower

5. As dew in Aprille (cont'd)

He came also stille There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille That falleth on the spray.

Moder and mayden* was Never none but she:
Well may such a lady Goddes* moder be.

*maiden

*God

6. This little Babe

Text: Robert Southwell

This little Babe so few days old,
Is come to rifle Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake,
Though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmed wise
the gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field,
His naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries,
His arrows looks of weeping eyes,
His martial ensigns Cold and Need,
And feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitched in a stall,
His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes;
Of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
The angels' trumps alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight;
Stick to the tents that he hath pight.*
Within his crib is surest ward;
This little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

*pitched

7. Interlude (Harp)

8. In freezing winter night

Text: Robert Southwell

Behold, a silly* tender babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies.
Alas, a piteous sight!

*simple, helpless

The inns are full; no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court,
This crib his chair of State;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
the wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from
heaven;
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,* *being
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Which he from Heaven doth bring.

9. Spring Carol

Text: William Cornish

Pleasure it is To hear iwis,*
The Birdés sing, The deer in the dale,
The sheep in the vale, the corn
springing.

*certainly

God's purveyance For sustenance,
It is for man, It is for man.
Then we always To give him praise,
And thank him than*, and thank him
than.

*then

10. Deo Gracias

Text: Anonymous

Deo gracias!

Adam lay ibounden,*
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thought he not to long.

Deo gracias!

And all was for an appil,*
An appil that he tok,*
As clerkes finden*
Written in their book.

Deo gracias!

Ne* had the appil take ben,*
The appil take ben,
Ne hadde* never our lady
A ben hevene quene.*

Blessed be the time
That appil take was.
Therefore we moun* singen:

Deo gracias!

10. Thanks be to God

Thanks be to God!

*bound

*apple

*took

*scholars found

*never, been

*had

*heaven Queen

*must

Thanks be to God!

11. Recession

Hodie Christus natus est;
hodie Salvator apparuit;
hodie in terra canunt angeli;
lætantur archangeli,
hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!

11. Procession

Today Christ is born;
today the Saviour has appeared;
today the Angels sing,
the Archangels rejoice;
today the righteous rejoice, saying:
Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia!

Waye Not His Cribb

Text: Robert Southwell

The inns are full,
No one will yield this little Pilgrim bed,
But forced he is with silly beasts,
In cribb to shroud his head.
Waye not his cribb, his wooden dish
Nor beastes that by him feede;
Waye not his mother poor attire,
Nor Joseph simple weede.
Waye not his cribb.

The stable is a Princely courte,
The cribb his choice of State;
The beastes are parcel of his pompe,
The wooden dish his plate.
Waye not his cribb.
The persons in that poor attire,
His royal livries wear;
The Prince himself is come from
heaven,
This pomp is prized there.
Waye not his cribb.

Betelehemu

Nigerian Carol

Via Olatunji / Wendell Whalum

Bethlehemu

Awa yio ri Baba gbojule,
Awa yio ri Baba fehenti,
Nibo labi Jesu,
Nibo labe bii
Betelehemu ilu ara
Nibe labi Baba o daju
Iyin, iyin, iyin nifuno
Adupe fun o
Adupe fun o
Adupe fun o jo-oni Baba oloreo
Iyin fun o Baba
Iyin fun o Baba anu
Baba toda wasi
Betelehemu ilu ara
Nibe labi Baba o daju

Bethlehem

We are glad that we have a Father to trust

We are glad that we have a Father to rely upon

Where was Jesus born?

Where was He born?

Bethlehem, city of wonder,
That is where He was born for sure.

Praise, praise, praise be to Him

We thank Thee

We thank Thee

We thank Thee for this day, Gracious Father.

Praise to Thee Father

Praise be to Thee, o Father

Merciful Father.

Bethlehem, city of wonder,
That is where He was born for sure.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA CONCERT CHOIR, 2007-2008

Evelyn Pfeifer, Conductor

Philip Chow, Assistant Conductor

Brady Sherard, Accompanist

Soprano I

Buckwold, Laura
Collins-Lee,
Nevada
Dick, Elissa
Ritacco, Kayla
Sarwas, Cornelia
Stannard, Michelle
Vranas, Nicky
Wagner, Jessica

Soprano II

Bonnema, Yan
Chau, Maria
Cuthbertson, Lana
Germain, Danielle
Howe, Sarah**
Jackson, Katie
Morrow, Elise
Nasedkin, Nadia
Semenjuk, Tania
Voon, Pauline

Alto I

Barry, Sophia**
Burns, Bracken**
Deacon, Karlynne
Fok, Sabrina
Ho, Rebecca
Konojacki, Shalee
Krejcur, Elizabeth
Martel, Tamara
O'Brien-Lepp, Shannon
Richard, Janique
Sackey, Julie**
Sorensen, Erica**
Taron, Nicole
Yip, Candice**

Alto II

Chan, Michelle
Lessard, Krista-Marie
Muller, Crystal
Savage, Stephanie
Stone, Allison
Wermann, Jessica

Tenor I

Cheng, Christeve
Cleveland-Thompson, Tristan

Tenor II

Hui, Isaiah
Munroe, James

Baritone

Arseneau, Denis
Doody, Jeremy
Hodgkinson, Taylor
Johnson, Andrew**
Krynski, Anthony
Maklowich, Ben
Pansheshen, Brent
Powell, Cameron**
Willetts, Cody**
Zuo, Wayne

Bass

Chow, Philip
Chung, Christopher
Illerbrun, Kurt
Oatway, Tyson
Schubert, Eric
Sherard, Brady
Urquhart, Ross

** indicates Concert Choir Executive

Upcoming Events

December

2 Sunday, 3:00 pm

University of Alberta Concert Band

Wendy Grasdahl, Conductor

F von Suppe *Light Cavalry Overture*

H Hanson *Chorale & Alleluia*

J S Bach *Come Sweet Death*

P I Tchaikovsky *Dance of the Jesters*

R R Bennett *Symphonic Songs*

E Grieg *The Last Spring*

J Williams *Midway March*

Admission: \$15/adult, \$10/stud/sen

Advance tickets are available at TIX on the Square, 420-1757

2 Sunday, 8:00 pm

Happn' University of Alberta Jazz Choir

John McMillan, Conductor

Music by the New York Voices, Gavin

DeGraw, Beady Belle, Paul Simon, and more!

Admission: \$15/adult, \$10/stud/sen

Advance tickets are available at TIX on the Square, 420-1757

5 Monday, 12:00 pm

Music at Noon, Convocation Hall

Student Recital Series

Featuring students from the

Department of Music

Free admission

3 Monday, 7:30 pm

Grant MacEwan College and

University of Alberta Jazz Bands

Raymond Baril and Tom Dust, Directors

An evening of big band music

For ticket information, contact Grant MacEwan College, 497-4436

7 & 8, Fri. & Sat., 8:00 pm

Edmonton Symphony Orchestra

and the University of Alberta

Madrigal Singers

Jean-Marie Zeitouni, Conductor

Handel Messiah

Soloists: Shannon Mercer, soprano

Mireille Lebel, mezzo-soprano

John Tessier, tenor

Russell Braun, bass

Francis Winspear Centre for Music

Tickets are available at Winspear Box Office, 428-1414



Please donate to Campus Food Bank

Unless otherwise indicated

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta

Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice.

Please visit our Website: www.ualberta.ca/music or

call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).